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The Sketch.

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"I am sending you herewith a very excellent coat and fleece lining which I had from you at the beginning of November 1914; it stood the Winter in the Trenches simply splendidly. I know no better coat; it's warm without being fuggy. If you think this coat has had its day, will you please send me another like it. Otherwise, please put the old one to rights, and have the fleece lining cleaned: that is perfectly good, anyhow."

The original of above letter may be seen by anyone interested.

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The Sketch

No. 1199 — Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



WIFE OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: LADY CHELMSFORD.

Lady Chelmsford, upon whom will devolve the duty of sharing the honours and responsibilities of her husband, third Baron Chelmsford, when he assumes the high position of Viceroy and Governor-General of India, at the end of March, is a daughter of the first Baron Wimborne, and was married to Lord Chelmsford in 1894. Lady Chelmsford has two sons

and four daughters, the elder son, the Hon. Frederic Ivor Thesiger, born in 1896, being a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. The Hon. Joan Thesiger was born in 1895, the Hon. Anne in 1898, the Hon. Bridget in 1900, and the Hon. Margaret in 1911. Lord Chelmsford is on his way home from serving in India with the 4th Dorsetshire Regiment.

Photograph by Martin Jacolette.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS.

STUDIO-LAND.

BY MARTHA TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I KNOW, I know; please don't scold me; besides, I have not answered *anyone* for the last fortnight. I meant to, but when I had finished telling you what I wanted to tell you, I had no room left to answer any of your nice letters. So I suppose I had better begin by that now.

Thank you, H. E. S., for the interesting calendar, with photograph of the buoy taken from that German ship at Falklands. Your flattering letter is in very good French, *pas rouillé du tout, je vous assure. Merci, vous êtes très aimable.*

Now, Captain "Jimmy." Yes, I got your two letters, thank you. The first one was sent to another magazine than *The Sketch*; but it was forwarded straight to my private address. Clever of them, wasn't it? But the cuteness of the Post Office people is still more astonishing. A letter came for me last night all the way from Queensland, addressed vaguely to me, c.o. *The Sketch*, London. But it never went to *The Sketch* at all! The postman slipped it straight under my own letter-flap—funny! I love your officials—a matter of comparison, I suppose. Why, in Paris, before the war, I went once on a visit to my brother's flat, and before I arrived, some letters and parcels and things had come for me, and been refused by the *concierge*, aided and abetted by the *facteur*. She (the *concierge*) did not know me, and evidently did not look forward to the pleasure of knowing me! I suspect there may have been a vendetta between her and my brother! The war seems to have minimised the *concierge* curse to the true Parisian, but wait until Peace reigns again!

To come back to your letters; several passages amused me very much. "To the average mind, here, there are two reasons for not taking leave: (1) Afraid to go home; (2) Cranky. To the average mind at home, one only—i.e., you have been home and given them a miss."

Well, I think the people at home are often good guessers! It is very kind of you to propose teaching me new words. Of course, I want to learn all I can; but would you write very plainly, please—I can hardly, in your letters, decipher even the old words—the ordinary, unexciting English. Stupid of me, isn't it? You say that the verb "to grout" comes from Marlborough. Dear me! is that the Marlborough of our French song? I did not know he spoke slang—it should have become classical English by now! I note that "when one is fed up with anything, one should say, 'I'm sick of grouting,' which means one is too disinclined for further effort to get anything up"—thank you, it is admirably clear. I'll try to apply it properly. Ex. It is my opinion that the Kaiser has arrived at the stage of psychological "feeding-up," when he must be sick of "grouting." Is that right? You say you write "about forty letters a week to people one would otherwise forget." How curious! I'd rather write to the people I can't forget! Or is it a case of Jimmy's Letters to Lonely Sweethearts? What!



TO LONELY.

SOLDIERS.

P. S.—I can easily find out about the necklace, if it interests you.

P. P. S.—A sick-leave "you" who is reading over my shoulder (bad-mannered man!) tells me that Marlborough is a College. Then, if they teach slang at Colleges, where do they teach English?

Many happy returns of the day to the "kid Lieutenant" on the occasion of his nineteenth birthday. Congratulations, also, on his two narrow escapes. I hope "She" did not spoil her pretty eyes when his leave ended.

To "The Australian du Sud." No, I don't think your questions impertinent—they are odd, that's all. *Re skirts*; no, of course not—half-a-yard off the ground at most. It's just gentle *raillerie* from the artist; it is meant to expose fashionable women's weak points (mental ones, I mean).

Re snobbery. I really do not think we in France can be reproached with that particular fault; and, even here, I believe it is dying out. But perhaps other correspondents, great travellers, and students of souls, may answer the question for you. So I will quote it for the general benefit.

"I am in your native land, *la Patrie de la Liberté, où il n'y a pas de snobisme. Le croyez-vous?* However, that is dangerous ground when I am talking to you. I mean, do you think that there is a country which is without its snobbery? Or do you think that the form of snobbery alters in the different countries? In Australia we are snobs, but not quite in the same way as in England. Do you think that in France there is, perhaps, a *souffre de snobisme* (put like that it does not sound so crude), but of a different kind?"

Why, but we are all trying to be democrats, and simpler folk, and useful members of Society (an extra big S, please, as it means the nation at large!).

Most of the maid-servants being gone munition-making, and footmen fighting, it is not rare for the lady of the house graciously to see you out herself, instead of ringing a bell for the dumb figure of a decorative servant to appear from below; and the daughter of the house has been heard to boast of her home-made cakes (not the kind of cake, I hope, that "yous" are using so effectively in place of sand-bags! At least, I heard that some of the Canadians got so many Christmas puddings and cakes that they have been using them

as I say, and a C.O. has reported to the War Office that they are the most efficient protection that has yet been evolved! Rather hard, what!—on us amateur cooks, I mean!)

A lately domesticated girl-friend of mine showed me triumphantly a pair of silk stockings, the toe of which she had actually darned herself—a neat little masterpiece of the size of a sixpence. I think her proud and fond Mamma is having it preserved with the family heirlooms! However, I think that is the sort of girl the soldier-man will "fall to" when he comes home, don't "yous"?

"You know, dear Phrynette, I really like your compatriots; their coffee and omelettes are so good that I hesitate before applying for a leave." Coffee and omelette! Appreciative Australian? Is that love from the heart or? Cohee!



"Is it a case of Jimmy's Letters to Lonely Sweethearts? What!"

Now, I want your opinion, all of "yous." The other morning, just before lunch-time, I was walking up from the Park with one of "yous" on leave, and at the corner of Bond Street my eye was gladdened by a pretty, fair girl in a claret-colour costume edged with fur. It was smart Miss Lunard in one of her successful designs (she plans most of her frocks, you know). It was the first gay get-up I had seen lately in sombre-clothed Society, if I except that of Mrs. Winston Churchill at a Buffet Matinée some time ago, where she cut a gallant figure in a blue frock with Roumanian embroidery in red—the colour of chillies—and a velvet hat to match. I think all the women who have men at the Front should wear gay colours; they ought to be so proud of them and look it! I said that to my companion, and asked him what he thought about it, and he stared hard at me, tried to bite his moustache and failed: "What have you got on under this big coat of yours?"

"Black velvet; but—"

"Well, black velvet is the thing," which, of course, was a nice compliment, but hardly a disinterested decree!

That's what Monna Vanna might have been asked on that chilly expedition of hers, what! When nothing was the thing!

You see, many of us here dress in black, or dark-blue, or brown, out of sympathy for those who have to wear black, poor dears; but does it have a depressing effect on you when you come home? Tell me.

Several of "yous" in their spare moments send me suggestions for clothes becoming. Well, who will plan aprons and overalls for us? We are very keen on them just now, with all those buffets and big undertakings and manual work, all done for the love of "yous." They must be smart, even startling, and preserve the dress without hiding it! There is a little problem for you that will keep you happily busy in uneventful evenings in your dug-outs.

Speaking of clothes, I hear a lot about economy, but I don't know who economises on them. Nobody seems to be saving money. Oh, every girl is, I concede, economical by fits and starts, until a certain letter comes with O.A.S. on the envelope—a letter crisper, shorter, more vibrating than usual, and the girl reads it once quickly with a little "Oh!" a joy-trumpeting "Oh!" then she reads it again slowly, and as she lets it fall on her lap she murmurs dreamily, "He has already seen me in all my old things on his last leave." Then, with frenzied frivolity, "Walters, quick—my hat, my coat; and come with me, we'll have parcels to bring back." And off she rushes into a wild burst of extravagance. A shop told me the other day there has never been such a demand for expensive things, and especially lingerie de luxe.

Wait—weddings, see?

Speaking of trousseaux, how many silk petticoats did you give away as a peace-offering? Do you mean to say you haven't received a single proposal from your flapper friends? And this Leap Year too! Of course, you know the rule, don't you? Girls who want to acquire silk petticoats have only to propose to the men



"How does a woman know she is going to be refused?"

who will not accept them to get a petticoat as a forfeit. There is about this proposition two problems puzzling me. How does a woman know she is going to be refused? For it is an unwise woman who doubts her charm—to doubt it is to diminish it. Then, supposing the man does not turn his back on the petticoat, but accepts the girl, what of the petticoat? Then again, this Leap Year coincides with the full skirts; but suppose the fashion was of the sheath skirt, what would the man give the woman instead? It is all very much like the German grammar, wherein you can't find the rule for the exceptions.

Last Saturday, the Imp and I and a sick-leave third went to the Margaret Morris Theatre in Chelsea to see the Japanese dancer Michio Itow. He is giving several performances there. We saw him last year at the Coliseum, you and I, do you remember? The Priest Dance, we thought, was quite impressive.

His Hengia dance was quite ghoulish. In it Itow appears as a female demon, with a terrifying mask, long sinister black hair, and a flowing cloak as grey as despair. This is a description of the fascinating lady according to the programme—

"The Hengia is a female demon who lives in the desert. Each night she comes down to the village, and, knocking at the door of a house where there is a new-born child, enters to convey her congratulations to the parents; then, suddenly seizing the child, she makes off with it for her meals. One night, however, the Hengia came down to the village, but was unable to find a new-born child. Tired and hungry, she is about to return to the desert. A strong wind has arisen, and she cannot make headway against it. The Hengia grows angrier and angrier, the wind stronger and stronger, the struggle more terrific. Finally the wind catches her up and bears her away, so that she was never seen again in the village." It gave us the creep. The stage was faintly lit and the house in perfect darkness, and I assure you I was quite glad to feel the broad shoulders and the mighty arms of the sick-leave third somewhere in the background. By "feel" I mean guess, of course!

And—not apropos, *oh, no!*—will it interest you to know that we have got a waist again? They are clearly defined in the new frocks—perhaps so that they can be found more easily on a dark night in darkened London!

On Sunday the Imp and I, escorted by our good and picturesque friend Komai, the Japanese poet, in his best kimono, went to see Jacob Epstein's studio in a labyrinthian part of old London. The passage leading to it was narrow, so narrow that we manœuvred it in Indian file. First, the powerful figure of Epstein, then we two, and dear little Komai at the rear. The neighbours seemed interested.

Dark, shiny, and arresting against the whitewashed walls of the studio stood out the head of beautiful Miss Lillian Shelley, that "yous" and I have often admired at the Café Royal. There were her languorous eyelashes, her mouth pouting, pathetic, and tender—you could almost see her nostrils palpitating. We wanted to stay and stare at everything—at the mystic head of an Irish girl, at the resolute features of an old Roman woman, so like Dante. We wanted to know the "story" behind the stone, especially concerning the work Mr. Epstein is now engaged upon—a gigantic group; but he said teasingly, "Come, let's go and have tea—it will be more interesting." Sacrilege, wasn't it? Then again the Indian file, and up to the warm, red, glowing room where Mme. Epstein made us at home over the toast and tea. There the model of a head—that of Miss Iris Tree—stood on a pedestal, an image of happy, robust youth. It was comfy and familiar—the kindly face and voice of our hosts, the warm walls, the friendly fire in the quaint fireplace. I felt quite happy—grey, cotton-woolly London outside was forgotten. I wanted to curl up on the couch and remain there, quite untroubled by the masks of some savage gods, cruel and defiant, grimacing here and there on the red walls. Altogether one of the glad days.



"Lingerie de luxe."



"Fashionable women's weak points."



"Re skirts: no, of course not."

THE MYSTERIOUS "MR. PARKER" WHO IS IN DANGER OF GAOL



TOM BUNTING, SON OF "MR. PARKER'S" LANDLORD, AND A DETECTIVE, IS NOT AT ALL SURE ABOUT THE NEW LODGER: MISS IRENE BROWNE AS IRENE HARDING; MR. FREDERICK GROVES AS MR. BUNTING; MISS CLARE GREET AS MRS. BUNTING; AND MR. F. R. BACH AS TOM BUNTING.



MR. HENRY AINLEY AS THE MYSTERIOUS AND MUCH-MUFFLED "MR. PARKER."



WITH MICROSCOPE: MR. HENRY AINLEY AS "MR. PARKER."



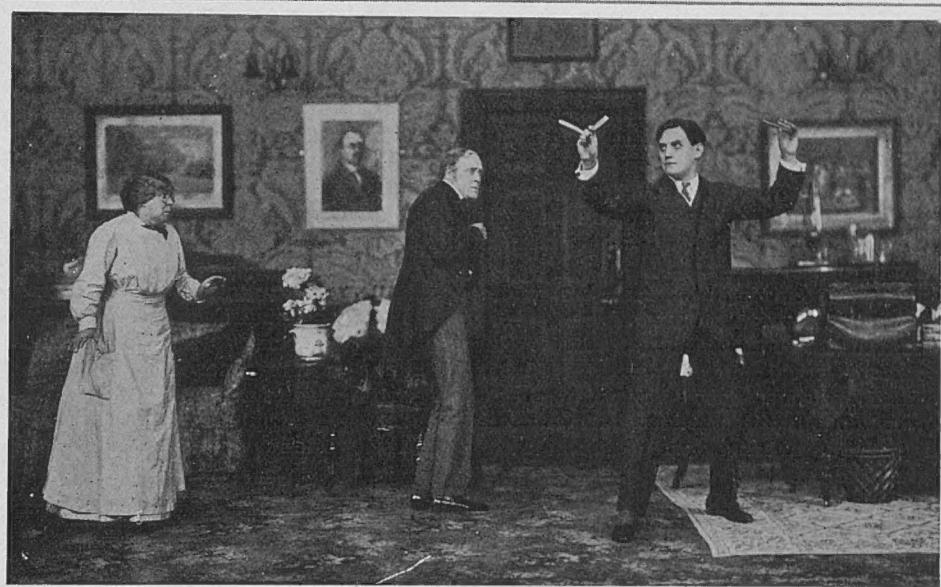
"MR. PARKER" AND HIS MYSTERIOUS BAG OF BUNS
AINLEY AS "MIS

Just when "The Avenger" is at work in the streets, shooting women and labelling them in red ink to show by whose hand they have died, enter into the Buntings' lodging-house a mysterious, muffled stranger, who gives his name as Mr. Parker. He pays well, and the Buntings, although they feel a little suspicious, do not want to lose him. Their son, however, is a detective. He becomes very suspicious as to the identity of the strange lodger. As a result, Mr. Parker

AS THE AVENGER: "WHO IS HE?" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



MISS IRENE BROWNE AS IRENE HARDING, THE SECOND-FLOOR BACK.



MR. PARKER EXHIBITS A RAZOR, NOT AT ALL TO THE SATISFACTION OF MR. AND MRS. BUNTING, WHO KNOW THAT THE AVENGER IS ABOUT: MISS CLARE GREET AS MRS. BUNTING; MR. FREDERICK GROVES AS MR. BUNTING; AND MR. HENRY AINLEY AS "MR. PARKER."



MISS CLARE GREET AS MRS. BUNTING; AND MR. HENRY PARKER."



WITH TYPEWRITER: MISS IRENE BROWNE AS IRENE HARDING.

is arrested. Then it turns out that he is not The Avenger, but a young Peer who has been jilted and is hiding himself in consequence. This, of course, not only frees him; but throws him into the arms of Irene Harding, the Bantings' second-floor back, with whom he has fallen in love almost at first sight. The success of the play was assured from the first by the admirable acting of every character in the cast.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The String with Many Notes.

Whatever one may say and think about the German nation, there is no denying that as providers of copy to the journalists of this country they have proved themselves extremely useful. For seventeen months or so, we have all been harping on the same string, and yet the number of tunes to be extracted from that string seems inexhaustible. From the great leader-writer in a great daily paper down to my humble self, we pluck at the German string in the sure faith of evoking sounds of sorts.

I have already called attention to the services rendered to the English Press by the vagaries of the Crown Prince. No man—not even the President of the Authors' Society or the President of the Institute of Journalists—could have offered up his life more frequently, been taken prisoner more obligingly, been wounded more conveniently, or run off with precious booty more amusingly.

But the Crown Prince is wearing a little thin as a topic, so the Germans have put forward something just as useful. As a substitute for the Crown Prince, who is now being left alive for as much as a week at a time, nothing could be better than the German "Peace Terms." Almost every day we get our "Peace Terms," and very amusing and original "Peace Terms" at that. Some people in this country may take them seriously; but then, you see, some people in this country will take anything seriously.

Wicked Belgium. Of all the various "Peace Terms" I have yet lighted upon, I think the suggestion put forward with regard to Belgium, for discussion in neutral countries, is the most delightful. In case you missed it, friend the reader, here is the pith of the thing—

"Belgium shall retain her independence, but guarantees shall be given by treaty or otherwise that a repetition of the events as they occurred in 1914 would be impossible in the future."

What did happen in 1914? What could Belgium possibly have done that the Germans cannot forget? What were these "events," and how did they "occur"? Can it be that the Germans are referring to the bombardment of certain obscure forts? Scarcely likely, because, according to Bernhardi, the Kaiser and his host were going to sweep through Belgium. So they must have swept through Belgium. Events as they occurred is a puzzling phrase. To continue—

Belgium would have to pay to Germany a yearly war contribution equal to Belgium's pre-War military Budgets, and Germany would maintain police control in the country until the final payment was made."

This seems perfectly fair—Belgium, as all the world knows, has done so thunderingly well out of the war. And the German police would be there to assure the Belgian population, if they ever felt uneasy on the point, that they were retaining their independence.

German "State Marriages." But, not content with arranging the perfect happiness and contentment of Belgium after the War, the Germans are also engaged in seeing to it that their own country shall be one vast expanse of bliss. Having proved triumphantly that they can manage anything, from the sack of Paris to the annihilation of the British Fleet, they now propose to establish a State Matrimonial Bureau. (If this news does not send the young unmarried men dashing off to the recruiting-

MOTLEY NOTES

BY KEBLE HOWARD
(*"Chicot"*).



offices, nothing will. For, the conquest of England once accomplished, they would all be compelled by the German Matrimonial Bureau to marry German ladies selected by the bureau. Let me commend the idea to Sir Hedley F. le Bas).

Dr. Uderstädt is the genius from whose brain this excellent notion has leapt. "If," says he, "we wish to see more marriages in the future, which would be highly desirable, it will be necessary for men and women who are interested in the development of our race to set their hands to the worthy task of introducing young men and women to one another. This might, perhaps, be done with the assistance of the State, which is certainly one of the interested parties." And the excellent doctor goes on to explain that the State "marriage-advisers" should consist of elderly and experienced ladies and gentlemen.

Quite a pleasant notion. I feel sure that the young people of Germany, who have no time for love-making, will find the State

Matrimonial Bureau a tremendous boon, and the last word in Kultur. You will simply send in your age, height, weight, occupation, and means, and the Bureau will do the rest. If the result is unsatisfactory, the Bureau will examine your particulars and the particulars of the other party, and set experts to work to discover the cause of the unhappiness. In this way, unhappiness will gradually disappear from the happy Fatherland—if, indeed, it has not already disappeared under such beneficent rule.



"TRENCH-DIGGING" IN THE GARDEN OF A SOLDIERS' BUFFET IN FRANCE :
MISS HERMIONE KENNEDY, DAUGHTER OF LADY ALEXANDER KENNEDY.

Miss Hermione Kennedy, here seen wielding the spade outside Lady Angela Forbes' buffet for British soldiers "somewhere in France," is the younger daughter of Lady Alexander Kennedy, of White Cottage, Ascot. Her father, the late Lord Alexander Kennedy, who died in 1912, was a brother of the Marquess of Ailsa.—[Photograph by C.N.]

him into obscurity long ere this, and brought sweet consolation in its train. The episode, indeed, is one of those happy chances that occasionally illumine the dreary round of every day.

When the War Will End.

For the information of readers of this journal, I have been collecting the opinions of various eminent authorities on the duration of the

War. Here are a few selections—

LORD LONSDALE : In August next.

ONE IN THE KNOW : In June next.

A MOTORIST : Don't care. Sold my car. Yah!

A YOUNG SUBALTERN : When I get out.

AN OPTIMIST : At any moment. Hurrah!

A PESSIMIST : At any moment. Alas!

A FLAPPER : When I put my hair up.

THE KAISER : When I choose.

LORD KITCHENER : Shan't say.

THE ARMY : Never.

THE NAVY : Is there one?

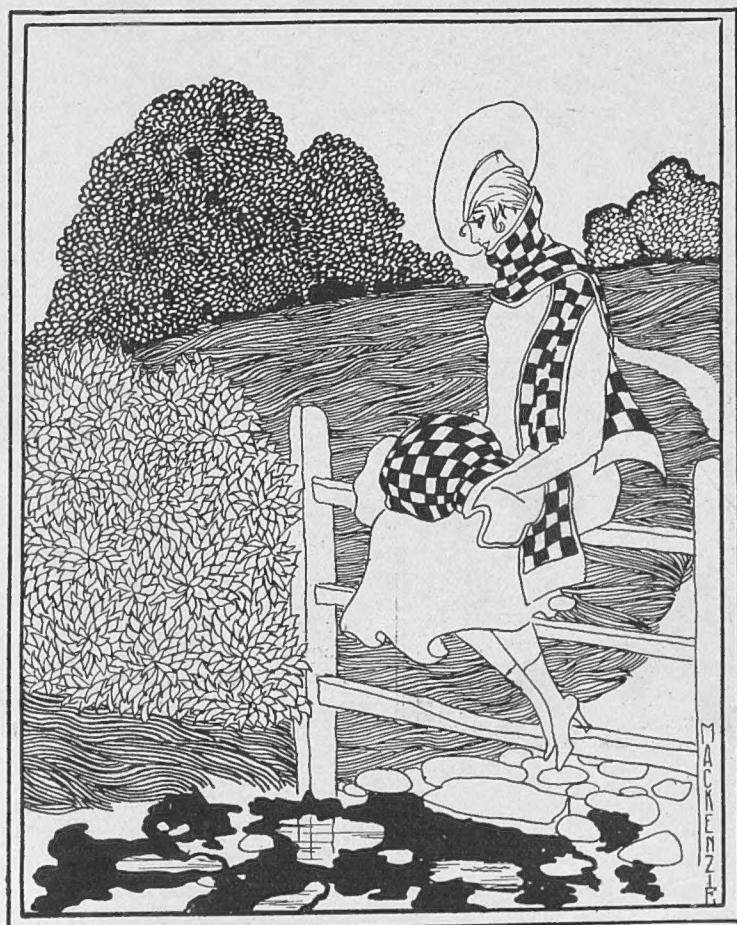
MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE MUD SEASON.



IN TOWN.



IN SUBURBIA.



IN THE COUNTRY.



"SOMEWHERE."

SMALL TALK

THIS word of advice comes, probably, too late; but, if wedding-presents are still to buy for Miss Kathleen Tennant and Lord Granby, nothing is more acceptable than books, and poetry-books in particular. Such I gather to be the case from the choice already made by friends who know them best, and the young couple are likely to set up house together with quite a library of choicely bound rare editions. Both are readers, and during his period in Rome under Sir Rennell Rodd, the most thorough-going dilettante among our diplomats, Lord Granby learned a lot about colophons and the classics, ancient and modern.

The Sea Meades. Lady Adelaide Meade, the charming wife of the new Commander at Portsmouth, is the right person for an important station. All her family has gone down to the sea in ships, and her brother, Lord Clanwilliam,

was one of those who went down into the sea in the *Camperdown*. He was rescued, and lives to see the sinking of ships become a commonplace, and his own all but deadly experience shared by Mr. Thomas, Lord Montagu, and dozens of other landsmen.

MARRIED RECENTLY TO MISS BETTY EVANS: CAPTAIN A. P. BOWEN.

Captain A. P. Bowen is in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry. He is the eldest son of the late Percival Bowen, The Lodge, Stoke St. Milburgh, Ludlow.

and why to sing, and very many charities have benefited through her kind services. Nothing less like the ordinary Society performer can be imagined, and the shakier warblers of Plymouth will surely cease their efforts on her arrival. If London is behind many other English towns in musical learning, it is far more exacting in the matter of drawing-room performances. Here the amateur is out of fashion, and will shortly be in Plymouth save in the person of one only lady.

A Willing Guest. An officer with a large experience of wounds advised his friends when their turn came to get into a certain hospital in Park Lane or into Lady Ridley's, because "in Park Lane the doctors are so clever, and at Lady Ridley's Lady Ridley is so clever." We repeat the recommendation without suggesting that Lady Ridley's doctors, or anybody else's, are under the mark—it was merely an enthusiast's expression of opinion; but we note that the Hon. Oscar Guest (who, being a relation, knows all about the clever lady) has elected to be nursed back to health under her wing in Carlton House Terrace. One of the last things he did in London before going out to France and getting

his wound under peculiarly picturesque circumstances—I think it was he who engaged the enemy in single combat outside the trenches—was to sit to Mr. Sherrill Schell in Victoria Street; and now his photograph, with one of Lady Ridley, is to be shown at an exhibition of the American's work.

The Sitters. Mr. Schell himself saw

a great deal of the war in its earlier stages, and for his devotion to duty gained the title of Saint Sherrill among his colleagues at a hospital near the fighting line. Since then he has been hard at work in his studio, and still, for the most part, among soldiers, for one of the pains and penalties of a uniform is the inevitable sitting to a friend's favourite photographer. For variety's sake, however, the exhibition in Victoria Street will contain an equal number of ladies and *littératrices*, among them Baroness d'Erlanger, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mrs. H. Williams, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, and Mr. Somerset Maugham.

"I'll be Dimmered."

Dimmer, V.C., is engaged—
"Dimmer, who stuck to his guns after they and he had been pretty well pounded. All he said was,

"I've a bullet in my face, and five holes in my shoulders, and a jolly mess they've made of me, but now I'm washed I'm all right." Such is the allusion to the episode in "Aunt Sarah and the War," the queer, anonymous

MARRIED RECENTLY TO CAPTAIN A. P. BOWEN: MISS BETTY EVANS.

Miss Betty Evans, now Mrs. A. P. Bowen, is the only daughter of Dr. Evans and Mrs. Evans, of Saundersfoot, Pembrokeshire, South Wales.

little book which, long ago, a Queen's equerry rode out to find, and of which the young lady who is marrying the V.C. has her special copy; now it sells in its tens of thousands. "I'll be Dimmered" (as somebody says in its pages) if the war has stopped the right sort of reading.

Speeding-up. Bryanston Square's

latest recruits are Lady Arthur Hay and Captain Leatham, who were married so quietly a week or two ago that some of their acquaintances are still wondering if it is yet time to send along a wedding-present. The engagement was announced and invitations for the ceremony were sent out to a strictly limited number of relations and friends at the same time. According to the new slap-up reckoning, the engagement of Lord Granby and Miss Tennant has been quite a long one; they have waited a whole long month and more for the wedding. But why conform to the

leisurely fashions of the past? Miss Alex Von der Heydt, cousin of Lord Tweeddale, and Captain Barry Domvile, if they want to live up to the dashing tradition of his ship, the *Arethusa*, should be wedded by the time this is printed.



WIFE OF THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA: MRS. ANDREW FISHER.

Mrs. Fisher is the wife of the Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, ex-Prime Minister of Australia. She and her husband are on their way to England, where Mr. Fisher is to succeed Sir George Reid as High Commissioner for the Australian Commonwealth.—[Photograph by Russell.]

Plymouth Sound. than Portsmouth, Plymouth is to have Sir George Warrender's wife for its principal lady. Lady Maud has a voice, and uses it to good purpose. She knows how to sing,



WIFE OF THE NEW HOME SECRETARY: MRS. HERBERT SAMUEL.

Before her marriage to Mr. Herbert Samuel, in 1897, Mrs. Samuel was known as Miss Beatrice Franklin. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Ellis A. Franklin. She has three sons and a daughter.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



MARRIED RECENTLY TO CAPTAIN A. P. BOWEN: MISS BETTY EVANS.

WELL-NAMED: PRINCE CHARMING, OF THE PALLADIUM.



BOVISH, MILITARY, SPORTING: MISS NORA DELANY, IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE PALLADIUM MATINÉES.

The London Palladium pantomime, which fills the bill at matinées at that popular house, has scored a big success. No subject retains its popularity more completely than "Cinderella," and the Palladium version and production are quite of the best. They score heavily, too, in the Prince Charming, who is very fascinating in the person

of handsome and melodious Miss Nora Delany, who can also claim a record in her efforts to entertain wounded soldiers, her performances at military hospitals throughout the country during 1915 averaging one a day. Her popularity is certainly well earned.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry.]

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THOUGH many people seem shy of confessing to any recreation in war time—judging from the new edition of "Who's Who"—the hardest workers are generally wise enough to relax as often and as regularly as possible. Lord D'Abernon finds time for a revue between one députation and another; and Sir Percy Scott, like the actresses, whose hours of work are very similar to his own, believes in fortifying himself during the luncheon interval against a long stretch of afternoon and evening labour. Sir Percy Scott, Miss Gertie Millar, Lord Derby, and Miss Teddie Gerard are four of the most constant habitués of the restaurants where they do you very well.



WIFE OF THE NEW HEAD OF A HISTORIC HOUSE: LADY WAKE.

Lady Wake is the wife of Major Sir Hereward Wake, D.S.O., who succeeded to the Baronetcy on the death of his father, Sir Hereward, on Jan. 5. It is an historic family, descended from Hugh Wac, in the reign of Henry I., and from Hereward Leofricson, Lord of Bourne, "the last of the Saxons." It is a peculiarity of this ancient family that the heirs are named alternately Hereward and Herewald. Lady Wake was Miss Margaret Winifred Benson, daughter of Mr. Robert Henry Benson, J.P., of South Street, Park Lane, and Buckhurst, Sussex.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Coffee and the Scheme. Lord Derby hardly ever shirks his duty in this matter of lunching carefully, leisurely, and in pleasant surroundings. Whether at the Carlton or elsewhere, with a picked companion (who, of course, is generally another Stanley), he makes the most of the break in the business of the day, and believes that many agitating questions may be settled with a minimum of brain-fatigue over the cup of coffee and cigar that follow a delicate but sufficient meal.

Why Not Say So?

It is impossible to go into any of the restaurants at two o'clock without knowing at once what they stand for. They are London's new recreation-grounds; they stand for such good spirits as are left to us. I am not talking only of people who have always had the lunching habit, like the Duke of Manchester, Lord Athlumney, and the rest, but of a host of people who work as extra hands at the War Office, or the Treasury, or in hospitals, of people who come to London to welcome friends from the front or to bid them good-bye. The strange thing is that nobody has confessed in print, or even realised, that lunching is the main relaxation of the present day.

Neither Ethel Levey nor Lord Derby names the Ritz, the Carlton, Claridge's, the Savoy, the Berkeley, or any of the favourite haunts under the "Recreations" heading in "Who's Who." Does

anybody? Hunting, sketching, golf, yachting, music, butterflies, stamp-collecting—imagine it, those are the answers still supplied! Where is the veracity of the crowd that gathers in the West End in the middle of the day, and looks really interested in the business of hanging on to the milder pleasures of the world?

Captain Hay Again.

Captain Hay is almost too tall for a wedding. So thought some of the guests at the John French-John

ceremony. It is uncomfortable to find the whole scale of effectiveness suddenly altered, and especially uncomfortable for those who are accustomed to looking down on their fellows. Anyhow, everybody felt small at St. Paul's. Captain Hay, in his time, has been told he is too tall for most things; and, of course, he was told he would most certainly be killed when he went to the front. He did go, and—as we have already recorded—was shot in the foot!

The Tympanon in Piccadilly.

Two boys, a world apart in character, have been conspicuous at recent gatherings at Baroness d'Erlanger's, in Piccadilly. At a children's party there the son of the house appeared as Charlie Chaplin, a delightfully innocent parody of the prince of eccentric humourists; and last week Anthony Asquith was bidden to Sacha Votichenko's final performance in London. Young Asquith seemed to know all about the tympanon; he is a learned youth who used to lecture to his father on any subject, from Beethoven to a biplane, when he was six, but is now settling down into a reserve befitting his years. Lady Diana Manners, who likewise knows everything, was also much interested in Baroness d'Erlanger's musician.

Wanted, an Instrumentalist.

When necessary, the Manners ladies can pass muster with many instruments, from the entrancing penny whistle to a Broadwood. "When necessary" means when they give an entertainment on their own at Belvoir, and play the comedy, the orchestra, and the audience all in one. But, speaking from the London point of view, the Society instrumentalist is a person of the past. Perhaps we do not altogether lament her disappearance, and yet there was a good deal of talk at Baroness d'Erlanger's about the possibilities of the tympanon and the chances of a revival. "A damsel with a dulcimer in a vision once I saw," sang Coleridge, and why not Diana with a tympanon?

Ireland and Elsewhere.

The necessity of giving holiday elbow-room to schoolboy sons, to say nothing of schoolgirl daughters, has taken many mothers back to Ireland. Lady Headfort, who is generally

happiest in town—the best base for communicating with an absent husband—has been in County Meath; and Lady Waterford is at Curraghmore. The Countess of Rosse left London to join Lord Rosse, who was wounded, in King's County. The Londonderrys, however, have been holidaying at Seaham Hall, for the most part used as a hospital. Lady Maureen Stewart and other young members at Seaham gave a theatrical performance for the patients. Lady Londonderry and Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower helped.



TO BE A DÉBUTANTE AFTER THE WAR: MISS MYRTLE FARQUHARSON.

Had it not been for the war, Miss Myrtle Farquharson, like many other young ladies in Society, would have made her curtsy at Court last year. She is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Haldane Farquharson, and granddaughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel James Ross Farquharson. Miss Farquharson has the honour of being among the friends of H.R.H. Princess Mary.

Photograph by Vandyk.



A COUNTESS AS NURSE: LADY CARNARVON.

The Countess of Carnarvon has not only opened her town house as a hospital for wounded officers, but is taking an active part in the duties of nursing the officers to whom already Highclere Castle, the Earl's country seat near Newbury, is given up.

Photograph by News Illustrations.



WIFE OF THE NEW COMMANDER IN MESOPOTAMIA: LADY LAKE.

Lady Lake, who is the wife of General Sir Percy Henry Noel Lake, K.C.M.G., C.B., who has succeeded General Nixon in the command on the Tigris, was, before her marriage, Miss Hester Woodyer, daughter of the late Mr. H. Woodyer, of Grafton, Surrey.

Photograph by Vandyk.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN ROWLAND E. BERKELEY, R.N.: MISS EDITH KATHLEEN SWAINSON.

Miss Swainson is the daughter of the late Christopher Grain d'Orge Swainson and Mrs. Swainson, of Epperstone House, St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Captain Berkeley is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Rowland Berkeley.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Rejected by the Inventions Board.

VIII.—THE HARLEY-SCOPE MINE-DETECTOR.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



THE CLUBMAN

CLUBMAN, GOURMET, AND HOST OF ROYALTY: ARMLETEERS: GALLIPOLI, AND WALCHEREN.

Lord Burnham as a Clubman.

Lord Burnham was. The Garrick was his favourite club, and until he fell ill he was to be found most days at lunch-time sitting at the head of the big table that runs down the centre of its dining-room. One of the very many tastes that Lord Burnham had in sympathy with the late King Edward was that both of them were very fond of the good things of the table, and that whenever the King stayed at Hall Barn he was always given some new dish that appealed to his fine taste. I am not at all sure that it was not for the dinners at Hall Barn that Mrs. Lewis, the greatest of British women cooks, invented the quail-puddings that became one of King Edward's favourite dishes.

A Pudding Story. Quails were not the only birds used for the Hall Barn puddings, for some specially excellent green-plover puddings used to form part of the shooting-lunch whenever there was a large party. On one occasion, when the Duke of Cambridge was shooting with Lord Burnham, there came at luncheon-time a pause when the puddings should have been produced. Lord Burnham summoned the butler, and the butler turned pale. A veritable tragedy had occurred, and with faltering voice the butler explained that the beaters had thought that the puddings were intended for their mid-day meal. Lord Burnham looked at the Duke, and the Duke looked at Lord Burnham, for neither of them had words that would quite fit the occasion.

An Over-Rich Dish. There was a time when Lord Burnham, on the committee of the Garrick Club, took the cuisine into his special care, and it then became quite the best lunching club of the day. He had, however, a liking for very rich dishes. He told me once, I remember, how much a glass of good old Madeira improved a helping of custard-pudding. I tried the experiment, and quite agreed with Lord Burnham as to the excellence of the dish; so thoroughly did I agree that I had a second helping, and the next day suffered from one of the worst bilious attacks I have ever had in my life.

An Historic Club Row. Lord Burnham and "Labby" in the Beefsteak Club was one of the most celebrated disagreements in modern club history. What was the cause I forget, but it had some connection, I fancy, with the uncle of the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, for it was with his uncle's cane that the then Mr. Lawson threatened to chastise "Labby." The quarrel was adjourned from the club to the street outside, but the club committee had to take notice of it, and called upon both members to resign. This Mr. Lawson did at once, but Labouchere refused to do so, and challenged the club, if it could, to turn him out. He

remained, I believe, a member of the club, but he never entered it again. All this occurred in the Beefsteak Club when it occupied premises which were afterwards absorbed by Toole's Theatre. When Alfred Bryan drew his very clever caricature of the well-known picture of Derby Day he put "Labby" and the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* in the foreground as two urchins reading *Truth* between them.

The Khaki Armlets. The past week has been

the week of the armlets. No doubt they would have been worn before in great numbers had there been enough available for all the men attested under Lord Derby's scheme; but the King's request to men who had the armlets to wear them and the increase in the supply came very much at the same time, and since then I have met hundreds of the armlet-wearers in every class of life. Whether the man who is wearing the armlet is a railway porter or a draper's assistant or a member of a St. James's Street club, I have tried, whenever I have seen the armlet, to find a pretext for entering into conversation with its wearer, and of congratulating him on this badge of honour.

A Badge for the Women.

I should like to see the wives of the married men who have been attested under the Derby scheme given some badge to wear as a mark of their patriotism in sending men to the recruiting-offices. I do not suppose that any man takes the binding oath without having first told his wife what he proposes to do, and the bravery of the woman who tells her husband that she will say nothing to prevent him from doing his country service is at least as great as the bravery of the man who is prepared to sacrifice his present occupation to carry a rifle against the Germans.

After the War.

I have little doubt that when the war is over, and when the hundreds of yachts that are now doing scouting duty for the Navy in all the seas of the world have returned to their usual pleasure duties, one of the favourite sea-trips will be to Gallipoli to see the battlefields where our Colonial brothers and our own splendid fighting men achieved such glory in failure. Perhaps the nearest parallel to it was the Walcheren Expedition of 1809—an expedition that Lord Castlereagh conceived for the purpose of destroying Napoleon's naval establishments at Antwerp. Castlereagh and Canning fought a duel, as the result of a quarrel concerning the expedition.

tion, and both resigned from the Ministry. "Inertia" was the cause of the failure of the Walcheren Expedition, and a little rhyme of the period put it very pithily thus—

The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan.
Sir Richard, eager to be at 'em,
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham.



VERY PROBABLY THE TALLEST MAN IN THE WAR:
MR. L. F. HAY, OF THE BLACK WATCH, A GROOMSMAN
AT THE FRENCH WEDDING.

Mr. L. F. Hay, of the Black Watch, who was one of the three groomsmen at the wedding of the Hon. J. R. L. French, eldest son of Field-Marshal Viscount French, to Miss Olivia John, is six-foot-ten tall. This should make him, surely, the tallest man taking part in the war.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



SCREENED FROM PRYING EYES BY AN "UMBRELLA TENT": AN INDIAN PRINCESS GOING FROM A TRAIN TO HER MOTOR-CAR.

The strict care that is taken to protect certain Indian ladies of rank from the public gaze is curiously illustrated here. The species of umbrella-tent enclosing the Indian Princess seen passing from the train to her car should effectively baulk any would-be Paul Pry.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

"RANJI" AS AUCTIONEER: WAR CRICKET AT BOMBAY.



1. THE ENGLAND v. INDIA MATCH IN AID OF A WAR CHARITY AT BOMBAY: A GROUP INCLUDING LADY WILLINGDON, THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA, AND LORD WILLINGDON (LEFT TO RIGHT IN CENTRE).

An England v. India cricket match was played at Bombay just before Christmas, the sides being captained respectively by the Governor, Lord Willingdon, and the Maharaja of Patiala. It ended in a victory for England by an innings and 263 runs, the scores being—England (declared), 568; India, 1st innings, 110; 2nd innings, 195. F. A. Tarrant took seven wickets for 34 runs. Major J. E. Greig made a great score, 216, and Captain K. O. Goldie, 104. Lord Willingdon made 23. The Cricket Week

2. "RANJI" ON THE ROSTRUM: THE JAM SAHEB SELLING THE GOVERNOR'S BAT—(ON THE LEFT IN FRONT) LORD WILLINGDON, THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA, AND LADY WILLINGDON.

was in aid of the Women's Branch of the Bombay Presidency War Fund. The Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (better known as "RANJI"), who, it will be remembered, was not long ago injured in the eye while shooting in Yorkshire, unfortunately could not play, but he "auctioned" the Governor's bat, which was bought for 2500 rupees by the Maharaja of Patiala. Lord Willingdon (formerly Mr. Freeman-Thomas) became Governor of Bombay in 1913. Lady Willingdon is a daughter of Earl Brassey.

SOME WAR ENGAGEMENTS: NAVAL AND MILITARY.



Miss Stuart-King, of South Park, Wadhurst, is to marry Second Lieutenant Dunn, R.E.—Miss Dunn is daughter of Mrs. Dunn, Elm Park Gardens. Lieutenant Boldro, R.A.M.C., is son of Mr. and Mrs. John Boldro, of Mark Cross.—Miss Verrall is daughter of Mr. Frank Verrall, Lewes. Major R. Maule Birkett, Royal Sussex Regiment, is son of Mr. D. M. Birkett, J.P., Bexhill.—Miss Esmé Simpson is third daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Frank Simpson, Blaydon. Second Lieutenant W. R. King, Durham L.I., is son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter King, Frinton.—Miss Hammet is daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Hammet, C.V.O., and Mrs. La Primaudaye, Basil Street. Lieutenant Hartcup, R.F.C., is son of the late Mr. H. J. Hartcup, Bungay.—Miss Vera Simpson is second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Frank

Simpson. Lieutenant Boys Stones, Durham L.I., is son of the Rev. George and Mrs. Boys Stones, Catterall.—Miss Thomson is daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel S. J. Thomson, C.I.E., J.P., and Mrs. Thomson, Tenterden. Second Lieutenant Morris, Duke of Cornwall's L.I., is son of the Rev. E. H. Morris.—Miss Cheetham is daughter of Mr. W. H. Cheetham, Ewell. Second Lieutenant Hudson, R.G.A., is son of Mr. W. O. Hudson, Ewell.—Miss Le Sueur is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Le Sueur, of St. Helier. Captain Cruttwell, Royal Berkshire Regiment, is son of the late Canon Cruttwell and Mrs. Cruttwell, Wokingham.—Miss Lowe is daughter of Mr. Dillon R. L. Lowe, Holland Road, W. Lieutenant Llewellyn Vaughan Morgan, R.N., is son of Mr. J. J. Morgan, Holland Road.

“The Sketch” Supplement.



A New Countess.

MARRIED AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL: THE COUNTESS OF EUSTON (FORMERLY SUSANNA MARY, LADY BORTHWICK).

Susanna Mary, Lady Borthwick, widow of the seventeenth Lord Borthwick, who was married on Jan. 8 to the Earl of Euston, eldest son and heir of the nonagenarian Duke of Grafton, is the daughter of Sir Mark J. MacTaggart-Stewart, who gave her away. Lady Borthwick's daughter, the Hon. Isolde Frances Borthwick, who was born in 1903, was present, and General Vesey Dawson acted as best man to Lord

Euston. Mr. Balfour also was present, with Lady Rayleigh, but the wedding was very quiet, although exceptionally interesting when it is remembered that the Chapel Royal was the scene of the wedding of both Queen Victoria and King George. The Duke of Grafton married, in 1847, a daughter of Mr. James Balfour, of Whittingham Hall, Berwick, but the Duchess died ten years later.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



"I shan't let you—

•Not until you've told me that you prefer me to all the Kenilworths ever made."

"Oh, but you and Kenilworths go together. They're so fascinating that I couldn't smoke them without thinking of you all the time."

*Kenilworths are the most soothing
and seductive cigarettes imaginable.*



It isn't only the exquisite golden Virginia inside that makes a Kenilworth so delightful. It is the new way the tobacco is put there—in long, fine strands, laid neatly side by side.

You have only to open a Kenilworth to see how beautifully it is made. You have only to smoke a Kenilworth

to see how much more pleasure it gives you than ordinary Virginias.

You will find that Kenilworth Cigarettes compare favourably with the most expensive brands you can buy in Bond Street, and yet they only cost 1/- for 20. All good tobacconists keep them.

PRICES.—1/- for 20, 2/4 for 50, 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box, post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers or Sailors abroad, specially packed in airtight tins of 50, at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

Postal Address: 10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

COPE BROS & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON.

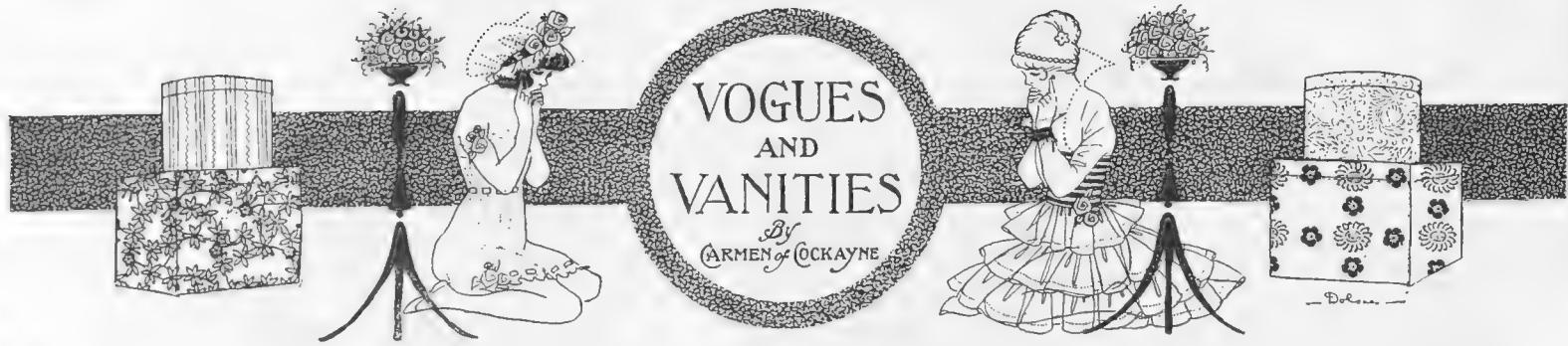
Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes.

VOICE - PRODUCTION: SPECIAL COURSE FOR SUBS.



ANXIOUS RAILWAY GUARD (*as the train stops at the station*): Excuse me, Sir; but did you happen to hear cries for help as we came along?

THE YOUNG OFFICER (*delighted*): Oh, by Jove! Could you hear me? I was just practising the command "Halt!"



Soulful Stationery. A few years ago emotional gowns were all the rage. Upon the West-End couturière was imposed the double necessity of dressing her customers well and, through the medium of their gowns,

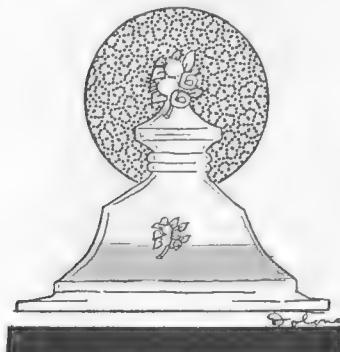
giving adequate expression to their individual qualities. If they did not happen to be generously endowed with originality, or "soul," or "fire," or some other desirable attribute, her duty was plain—she had to make them look as if they were. It was not easy, but the dressmaker succeeded very well. No woman is a goddess to her modiste, whose vocation tends to make her an unconscious psychologist. But now the day of the emotional gown is past. We are all too busy looking



Writing letters or quilldriving—it's all one; and the bigger the quill the better.

facts in the face to study the meaning concealed in an emerald-green dress splashed with blue, with an outburst of oranges and lemons round the neck and sleeves by way of ornament. But the "soulful" person is not easy to repress completely. "Artistic" propensities will out. The yearning for "expression" will not be dammed. Now that the convenient gown is no more, emotions may be expressed through the colour and texture of note-paper—that is, of course, if the writer is one of the really thorough-going worshippers of fashion.

Ordinary people, dull from the "soulful" point of view, cling to the "superfine, wire-wove, cream-laid, hand-made" paper of our ancestors. But if you live in a Futurist flat, and go in for black table-cloths and purple table-napkins, your aesthetic overflows cannot be adequately expressed in the prosaic mediums that satisfied your commonplace predecessors. Relief must be sought in something "weird," or, if not "weird," at least original and out-of-the-common. Nothing is so damping to "soulful" ardour as to receive communications on note-paper



The vivid colouring of the ink gives a warm note to this crystal ink-pot.

exactly like your own. It dispels at once the pleasant sensation of being the only one who "understands," or "knows," which is so essential to the well-being and content of the aesthetic mind.

Meadows of Paper.

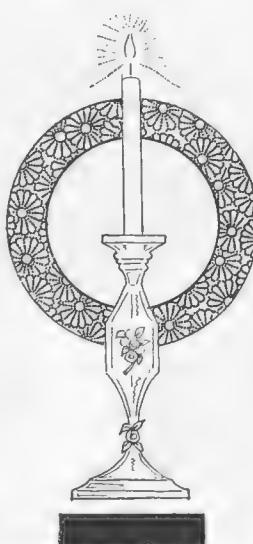
Naturally, of course, the stationery of to-day has adapted itself to the needs of the moment and the individual. The ordinary person is merely struck by the fact that note-paper—really fashionable note-paper, be it understood—is enormously large, and exhibits an almost unprecedented catholicity of taste in the way of colour. But to those who know, these facts are full of significance. They are ready to tell you quite frankly how the varying tastes and temptations of the writer may be deduced from the stationery used—a rather disturbing thought were it not for the fact that the use of such paper is largely confined to the "elect." Size is an important matter. The pen must, in the words of the Chinese poet, cause rivulets of ink to flow through meadows of paper. The sheet must be of large dimensions and flat, the envelope accompanying it big enough to take the paper once folded. An impressive seal to match the ink completes the scheme.

Sweet are the Uses of Advertisement.

Nor must the writer hide her identity under a bushel, as it were. On the contrary, the more original the methods adopted for advertising it the better. A simple monogram is inoffensive, but also ineffectual. Some prefer the device of having their full name printed column-fashion across the top of the paper, thus—

F M S
R A A
O D N
M G D
E Y
S.

Or a horizontal heading may be used—in short, the method adopted is left to the indiscretion of the individual.



The tint of the taper has to match one of the tints of the nosegay which adorns the candlestick.

The Inky Way.

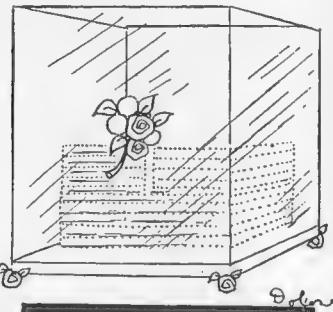
Between paper and ink there is the closest connection, and the latter must be chosen with a due regard to the shade of the former. Colour-contrasts are inadmissible. For instance, the "only" ink for pale-mauve paper is one of a deep violet shade; the blue-black kind is all very well for grey or pale-blue sheets, but only bronze ink must be used with the buff or pale-khaki stationery which is enjoying some measure of popularity just now.

Quill Devices.

The pen-holder, too, calls for consideration. Here a little more latitude is allowed, though in general large quill pen-holders, with their owner's favourite mascot in black velvet stuck thereon, are first favourite. The really well-equipped writing-table is provided with a whole bunch of quills in a variety of bright shades, from which one may be chosen for use with the note-paper of the moment.



Here's crystal for weight, and flowers and a butterfly for ornament.



A crystal stationery-box about which there can be "no deception."

SALT-CELLARS PREFERRED!



SHE: Mr. MacScrubbs says he's going to give me one of his pictures for a wedding-present.
HE: Never mind, dear; don't worry. He may forget all about it!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE INEVITABLE POSTSCRIPT.

By LEONARD K. UNWIN.

I KISSED Joan because she's pretty. I simply state it as a fact—not with any desire to excuse myself.

Joan was very angry. At least, she said she was—which isn't quite the same thing, perhaps.

She rose from the fireplace indignantly, clutching a plate of muffins in one dainty little hand. I attribute my disgrace to those muffins.

"*Mr. Barrington*," she said, with a little more colour than the fire had given her.

I sank into a chair.

"That is my name," I said calmly; "but it sounds dreadfully formal. What's wrong with Hubert?"

She made an angry gesture with her hand. I could see the muffins wobbling.

"Mind the muffins!" I gasped. "They will be on the floor in a moment."

With a terrible calm she placed the muffins on the little table. I breathed a sigh of relief—but it was only temporary.

Joan gave a sort of choking sob.

"I'm—I'm—"

"So am I," I agreed heartily. "I'm frightfully hungry, and those muffins look delicious."

For two seconds and three-quarters

Joan was speechless. "Will you go, Mr. Barrington?" she said, in a low, refrigerator-like tone.

"Go!" I repeated, bewildered. "Go! Where to?"

She fixed me with a steely glance.

"Will you go before I ring for Tebbitts?" she said, in a voice that would have frozen a hot-water bottle.

"But why bring the estimable Tebbitts in?" I protested. "Tebbitts, although a butler, is only human, I admit, and doubtless appreciates the good things of life—an appreciation which most probably extends to muffins. But why invite him to the feast? There's really only enough for two, you know."

Joan stamped a shapely little foot impatiently.

"You are wilfully misunderstanding me, Mr. Barrington. I—"

"Alas, that is always my unlucky fate!" I interpolated mournfully. "Why, oh, why is it decreed that I shall for ever fail to comprehend the most charming of her sex? And I do try so hard."

Joan still maintained the insulted tragedy-queen attitude.

"Please be good enough to leave me, Mr. Barrington," she commanded imperiously.

The idea didn't appeal to me at all.

"But, I say, I haven't had any tea yet. And think of the muffins; they'll be stone-cold presently," I reminded her.

She sat down suddenly.

"Shall I tell you what I think of you?" she demanded in a voice which made me realise that a hard winter must have suddenly set in.

"Do," I responded heartily. "I shall be delighted to hear. It's the first time you've honoured me in this respect. I shall be charmed."

Joan paused for breath, and I helped myself to tea.

"But one thing I beg of you," I entreated. "Do not make me blush too furiously with injudicious praise. Leave out some half-dozen or so of my more obvious attributes and good points."

"You are a mean, horrid wretch!" said Joan in a blizzard-like voice.

"Is that door closed?" I said anxiously. "It was fearfully draughty just then."

Joan glared at me as I took another muffin. I was just beginning to feel rather uncomfortable.

"Did you hear what I said, Mr. Barrington?" she demanded.

"Were those remarks addressed to me?" I asked in surprise. "Oh, I thought you were rehearsing a recitation for the bazaar concert. Do try these muffins. I'm afraid I haven't left many," I added apologetically.

Joan rose and towered over the tea-table.

"After your perfectly inexcusable behaviour of this afternoon, Mr. Barrington, I am afraid I shall not be at home if you should happen to call. As you decline to go, I must leave you. Good-afternoon."

A swish of skirts, the banging of a door, and I was alone. It had been quite an afternoon of incident.

I finished the muffins and departed.

Next afternoon I called round to see Joan.

"Miss Anstruther is not at home, Sir," said Tebbitts, with all the suavity of a man who knows he's not telling the truth.

"Not at home?" I repeated. "Are you quite sure, Tebbitts?"

[Continued overleaf.]



ONE OF THE SPRITES OF THE KINGSWAY "FANTASIE," WHO HAS ALL THE BEST SONGS: MR. CHARLES MOTT AS THE ORGAN-GRINDER, WITH HIS FOLLOWERS, IN "THE STARLIGHT EXPRESS."

"The Starlight Express" is a "fantasie in three acts," by Algernon Blackwood and Violet Pearn, with music by Sir Edward Elgar. Mr. Charles Mott's part is described as "Tramp with barrel-organ (Simply lives on the road and sings)." He is one of the "Sprites (Figures of Everybody's Childhood)."—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]

THE WORST THAT COULD BE SAID !



THE WIFE: Sam Wiggins, you're nothin' better nor a Hun!
THE HUSBAND: An' you're no better than an old Frau!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

"Quite sure, Sir," said Tebbitts decisively. I enriched Tebbitts to the extent of half-a-sovereign.

"Think again, Tebbitts," I suggested.

"Thank you, Sir. I'm very sorry," said Tebbitts, after looking round cautiously with the air of a comic-opera conspirator; "but I had orders from Miss Anstruther that she is not at home to you just now, Sir," he added, with a passable imitation at a look of commiseration.

"Thank you, Tebbitts," I said, and went to the club.

I didn't see Joan for a fortnight. I suppose I had been a little hasty that afternoon, but it had all been so jolly, toasting those muffins together, and just at the last, when Joan's dear little head was close to mine, I simply couldn't resist kissing her. That was how it happened. You've heard all about the subsequent volcanic eruption.

At the De Courcy's dance I saw Joan. If I was on the earth she did not seem to be aware of the fact.

I danced with Evangeline de Courcy and all the other available nice girls—except Joan—but I found it rather dull. I tried my best to look happy whilst Mrs. Gloucester-Cheltenham confidently leaned all her sixteen stone of widowhood on me during the mazy waltz, and afterwards I staggered exhaustedly towards where the refreshments were kept. Feeling somewhat better at the end of half-an-hour, I decided to go home.

As I went down the stairs I saw Joan in earnest conversation with the butler.

"I'm afraid that's Mr. Barrington's taxi, Miss Anstruther," the man was saying.

"Please see if you can get one for me," she said anxiously. "It is so foggy that I am afraid there won't be a taxi about."

I stepped forward. "Will you honour me by taking my taxi, Miss Anstruther?" I said gravely. "The chance of getting another one to-night is rather remote."

The haughty look softened, but her voice was not altogether devoid of frown. "But what will you do, Mr. Barrington?" she said coldly.

"I shall walk."

She was murmuring protests as I descended the steps. I gave the driver half-a-sovereign and told him where to go. I held the door open for Joan, and she turned as she was entering.

"It's a shame to make you walk, Mr. Barrington," she said, in not quite such a hard voice. "Won't you—?"

"No, thank you," I said quietly.

I told the man to drive on, and I felt very virtuous as I groped my way home in the Cimmerian gloom.

Next day I got a note in sprawling feminine handwriting which covered a page—

"DEAR MR. BARRINGTON," I read—"Thank you very much for your kindness and forethought last night. I got home quite safely. I do hope you are none the worse for your walk in the fog.—Yours faithfully,
"JOAN ANSTRUTHER."

It was a formal enough epistle, in which not even I could read

later in the Park when a brougham passed. I looked up and bowed. It was Joan. The brougham stopped suddenly, but I was deeply engrossed with young Iredale.

A groom approached me.

"Excuse me, Sir. Miss Anstruther would like to speak to you, Sir."

I went reluctantly to the carriage.

"Did you get my note?" asked Joan, just a little embarrassed.

"Yes, thank you. I'm glad you got home safely," I said politely.

I was pleased to notice that she looked a trifle piqued.



NOT THE ORIGIN OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER! A DUMMY-STOCKING EFFECT IN "HONI SOIT!" AT THE PAVILION, WITH MISS NINON DAVE IN A PIECE OF "UNUSUAL BUSINESS," AND MR. JAMES GODDEN IN A "CUSTOMERY" ATTITUDE.

"Won't you let me give you a lift?" she said. "Besides, I want to speak to you."

I got in, and we started in silence.

"Well?" I said, after a long pause.

Joan was rather flushed.

"I was half-expecting you to call, Mr. Barrington," she said, at last.

"Indeed? I thought the citadel was well-nigh impregnable with the redoubtable Tebbitts on guard," I said grimly.

"But after my note— I certainly thought—"

"Your note?" I repeated. "I've only had one, and it certainly was not of the call-and-see-me-often order."

Joan looked bewildered for a moment. Then she smiled gently.

"There was a postscript," she said quietly, "in which I—"

I was busy fumbling in my pockets for the note. I might have known that a woman invariably puts the real point of a letter in a postscript.

I unearthed the missive. I couldn't see the postscript.

"It is on the other side," said Joan.

I turned it over and read—

"P.S.—I am afraid I was very horrid that afternoon. Perhaps if you came to see me we could talk things over, especially if you promise not to eat all the muffins."

Joan was gazing fixedly out of the brougham when I looked up. I caught her hand and imprisoned its gloved daintiness.

"Why did you do it, Mr. Barrington?" she said, still looking away.

"I'll answer that with another question, Joan," I said. "Why does any man kiss the girl he thinks the most charming in all the world?"

Joan didn't release her hand.

"And did you think that?" she whispered.

"I did—and I do now."

"You never told me that before," she protested.

The brougham stopped. I assisted Joan to alight.

"Will you come and have tea, Mr. Barrington—with muffins?" she added smilingly.

"On one condition," I said, as we went up the steps.

"And what is that?" She was demure.

"That after the muffins I am forgiven in a very practical way, and that I am allowed to repeat my former offence without fear of transgression," I said firmly.

Joan dimpled bewitchingly. She spoke very softly as she turned a radiant face to me on the top of the steps.

"Do you think we need wait until after the muffins, Hubert?"

We didn't!

THE END.



A "SKATING" TURN IN "HONI SOIT!" AT THE PAVILION: MR. LEWIS DOUGLAS AND THREE FAIR PARTNERS.

any line or suggestion of forgiveness for my unspeakable crime, so I thrust it in my pocket. The "yours faithfully" rather damped my natural buoyancy.

I was talking with young Iredale of the Guards a few afternoons



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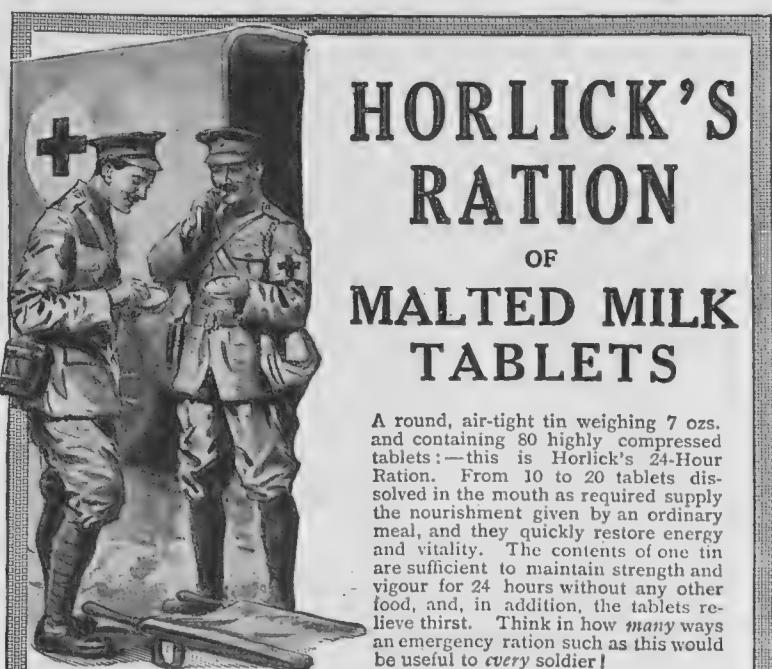
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CONSERVATIVE FINANCE AND SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS.

THE thirteenth annual general meeting was held on Jan. 13 at the Company's new offices, Westminster House, Millbank, London, under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Hood (one of the deputy chairmen), who was voted to the chair, Mr. Duke, the chairman, being absent.

In moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, the chairman said—

“LADIES and GENTLEMEN.—Last year when we met, this building in which for the first time we have the pleasure of holding our annual meeting, was not then finished, and I am sure you will not feel it out of place for me, on behalf of the directors, to welcome you to our own building. We had outgrown our old offices in the Strand, and whilst we are not occupying the whole of this fine building, may I take this opportunity of saying that we placed the three upper floors rent free at the disposal of the Government of Canada for the pay and record offices of the troops from the Dominion who are so gallantly taking their part in the world-wide conflict?

THE YEAR'S FIGURES.

“I propose, as usual, to go through the various items in the balance-sheet and make some comments. Now, taking the assets side of the balance-sheet first, and leaving out the shillings and pence—‘Real estate and buildings at cost, less provision for amortisation of leaseholds, £601,959’—it will be observed that this item is increased, as compared with last year, by £93,321. This is principally due to expenditure upon our new factory in Commercial Road, Liverpool, which is being worked to its utmost capacity, and the head office building, the expenditure of both of which items we had undertaken in the previous year. The item of ‘Plant, machinery, fixtures, and fittings’ has also increased by £33,427, and consists of a number of small items, but principally the cost of the additional equipment of the Liverpool and Petersburg (Virginia) factories rendered necessary by the growth of the business. There is an increase of £1 in the item of goodwill which arises from the fact that this amount which had previously been transferred from goodwill to a suspense account has now been written back. ‘Investments in associated companies,’ which still continues to be the largest individual item on the assets side of our balance-sheet, shows a decrease of £395,281, principally accounted for by the transfer of a considerable holding of shares to another associated company, which has been charged to that company’s account current and correspondingly increases the next item of ‘Loans to and current accounts with associated companies,’ but which, in spite of that addition, has been reduced since last year by £473,982 by repayments, etc. ‘Stocks of leaf, manufactured goods, and materials’ is up this year by £214,428. This is due to the increase in the purchases of leaf tobacco to meet increasing business.

LARGE CAPITAL.

“Now, if you will turn to the liabilities side of the balance-sheet, you will see that the issued capital is the same, viz., four and a-half millions of Preference shares, and over six and a-quarter millions of Ordinary shares. ‘Reserves for buildings, machinery, and materials’ is increased by £28,141, being the normal addition to that item during the year. ‘Premiums on Ordinary shares issued’ remains at the same figure as last year. Provision for redemption of coupons is up by £12,030.

“Now, before mentioning the recommendation of the board as to a final dividend upon the Ordinary shares, perhaps I ought to make more specific reference to the four items on the assets side which have been ‘starred’ and to which is appended a note that they include assets in enemy countries and to the item of one and a-half millions ‘General reserve to provide against possible losses arising from the war.’

RESERVE FOR WAR CONTINGENCIES.

“You will remember that last year we set up the general reserve of £1,500,000 against possible losses, and we have mentioned in our Report that from the information available, we have no reason to vary the view expressed a year ago in our annual report that it was not anticipated that the losses arising out of the war, and to meet which we had set aside one and a-half millions as a general reserve, would amount to more than one-half of the sum set aside and probably would not reach that figure. Now the four starred items include assets in the belligerent countries, in respect of which until after the conclusion of the war we shall, of course, be unable to say what the actual loss is. As you know, we had considerable interests in the form of shareholdings in German companies and loans to those companies, and since the last annual meeting the negotiations entered into with the consent of the Government have been concluded and the documents embodying the terms of sale completed. The purchaser is one of the largest German banks. It is true that we cannot get payment until after the war is concluded, and whilst some portions of the money which will then become payable to us carry interest, the other portions do not.

“Apart from the interests in Germany, we had, through our associated companies, interests in other belligerent countries, and we shall also sustain some losses in respect of goods which were at the commencement of the war on board enemy ships, and other items of that character; but upon the whole the directors have no reason to believe, from the information available, that the losses will even approach half the £1,500,000 set aside to general reserve.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

“This brings me to the profit and loss account. The net profits and dividends from associated companies this year amount to £1,850,059,

being £326,963 less than last year, but you will remember that £211,262 of last year’s profits arose from the profit on the sale of certain shares, and therefore, deducting that sum as an occasional profit, if I may use that phrase, the difference is really a net decrease of £115,700 as compared with the previous year.

“Curiously enough, the additional Income Tax charged in the accounts during the last year, as compared with the previous one, amounts to over £115,000, so that, taking those two items into consideration, the net profits, in spite of the war and the very considerable sums paid in increased charges for freights and marine insurance, and new charges for war risks insurance, and other expenses incidental to the war, including the amounts paid to employees who are serving with the colours to supplement their Army and Navy pay, to which I specifically referred last year, and which you so heartily approved, and to the loss of income from belligerent countries, the net profits are I say, almost practically the same.

STEADY PROGRESS.

“Our financial position is probably better now than at any time in the history of the Company, and we can look forward to the future with confidence, especially if our manufactures in this country are not curtailed through deficiency of labour, or difficulties of transport, or in obtaining supplies. Difficulties of supplies are becoming greater every day. On the other hand, there are one or two trades from which supplies were drawn before the war largely from enemy countries, and I am glad to say are now being developed in this country, so that in the future it is hoped we shall be independent of supplies from enemy countries.

1000 EMPLOYEES ENLISTED.

“We have over 1000 employees from our head office and English factories now serving with the colours, apart from enlistments from our foreign factories and depots and associated companies. We have made large supplies to the Government and outside organisations for the troops at the front, and would have supplied larger quantities had it been possible to extend our output more than we have done.

THE DIVIDENDS.

“Now, with regard to the dividend, you will see that the Preference shares which were issued in 1914 now fully bear interest, and the available balance, after payment of the four interim dividends, is £1,617,230. We recommend the distribution on the 18th of this month of a final dividend (free of British Income Tax) on the Ordinary shares of 7½ per cent., amounting to £469,074, and to carry forward £1,148,156. The 7½ per cent. will make a total dividend for the year of 22½ per cent., as against 24½ per cent. last year. The carry-forward is increased by £217,837, and if we had been content to carry the same amount forward as last year we should have been enabled to pay a final dividend of nearly 11 per cent. instead of 7½ per cent., but, having regard to the existing conditions throughout the world, we do not think it would be wise to recommend the payment of a final dividend of more than 7½ per cent. It is true that the directors have also declared an interim dividend for the current year, payable on the same day, of 5 per cent., so that the shareholders will receive 12½ per cent. on their Ordinary shares on Tuesday next, as compared with 10 per cent. a year ago.

“We are one of the few companies which pay dividends to their Ordinary shareholders free of Income Tax, and taking the tax at 3s. in the pound—a not inconsiderable item and one which is constantly growing, a dividend of 22½ per cent. for the year free of tax is equal to 26½ per cent. less tax.”

Mr. Lawrence Hignett: “I have much pleasure in seconding the resolution.”

The resolution was then put and was carried unanimously.

RE-ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Mr. G. H. Williamson: “I have much pleasure in moving—That Messrs. Peter Arrington, Arthur Charles Churchman, Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, James Buchanan Duke, James Daniel Gilliam, and Charles Tilden Hall be re-elected directors of the Company, until the annual general meeting of 1918.” Gentlemen, from the report, the balance-sheet, and the fine building in which we are holding this meeting, you will clearly understand the great organising ability of our directors, who have brought this Company in a very few years to the proud position it holds not only in this country, but in every part of the world. I have great pleasure in proposing the names of those gentlemen, and that they be re-elected until 1918.”

Mr. Pimbury seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

SHAREHOLDERS' THANKS TO BOARD AND STAFF.

The auditor, Sir William Plender, was then reappointed, and on the proposition of Mr. George L. Moore, seconded by Mr. L. P. Jacobs, a cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the chairman, directors, and staff for their services during the past year.

The chairman cordially acknowledged the vote. The proceedings then terminated.



"The Basker." It seems getting into touch with the remote and sunny past to go to the St. James's Theatre and see Sir George Alexander "basking," and to find all the characters regarding the Duke of Cheviot—as has been said to be the attitude of a well-known Duke of to-day—"with the eyes of his own butler." In days we can remember, there were lots of Baskers, and some of them were by no means such manly fellows as our Duke of Cheviot, who, at any rate, comes to grips with lions, tigers, and jaguars in their native lair. Played by Sir George, he is a delightful and entertaining person, and we can well understand Miss Geneviève Ward's (I mean the Dowager Duchess, his grandmother) affection for him. The wise old woman and the foolish sister are equally fond of the Basker, while the villainous cousin Richard has no feminine asset, except a dubious lady who affects beetle-green in her dress. It is curious, by-the-bye, that beetle-green has quite ousted crimson as the garb of wantonness in modern plays. No sooner do I see the gleam of dark emerald appearing on the stage than I know I am to expect the worst. Colours are of great importance in Theatre-land, as aids to the audience in finding out who the characters are. Whoever heard of vice in blush-pink, or innocence in zebra stripes? With the men it is more difficult, for hero and villain both wear shiny hair and creased trousers, and have unimpeachable manners, so that sometimes you have quite a hard time sorting them out. But no one who has once seen the pleasing smile of the Basker could possibly mistake him for anything but what he is.

Where There is Peace. If you wish to forget, for an hour or so, all that is going on in this tragic world to-day, you must walk up Chancery Lane, and turn, through a venerable archway on your right, into a great, grey, Gothic building. Inside, in vast rooms, warm, cosy, and silent, you will find persons (mostly in spectacles) poring over queer-looking tomes, either in manuscript or in illegible printed characters. They are wholly absorbed in this occupation, and blink at you, as you pass, like wise owls disturbed in a barn by some noisy farmer's boy. If, by chance, a phrase is dropped, it pertains to things curiously remote. At one desk, they were exchanging views about the Battle of Hastings; in another room, some desperate modernists were absorbed in the strategy of Cromwell's Ironsides. Not that war specially occupied their time or thoughts. An atmosphere of great leisure, a sense of historic perspective pervades the whole vast building. Many ladies are at work there; the conversation, at luncheon-time, is of Anglo-Saxon chronicles or of those perfervid pamphlets which poured forth in an incessant stream long before Charles lost his head. Outside, in the Strand, the newspaper placards tell of desperate events on sea and land; the scholars inside are discussing the Wars of the Roses. A couple of hundred years hence—unless the building is destroyed by Zeppelin bombs—numbers of ladies and gentlemen will be found there, beginning to make studies for a work on the Great War of 1914. The building in Chancery Lane, so warm, quiet, and peaceful, is the English Public Record Office, and long may it continue!

Whistling in the Dark. The Germans and their dupes seem, to some of us, to resemble frightened boys in the dark who assiduously whistle to keep up each other's spirits. "It is true that the value of the mark is dwindling, that our population lacks the necessities of life, that we are living on paper credit, and that the British hold our Colonies and our Commerce; but what glorious victories we have achieved in tiny Belgium, remote Poland, and little Serbia! Let us go on whistling, and all will be well."

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.



How Woman May Become Man!

There are many quaint and curious things in this book by an exceedingly entertaining "Irishwoman in China." Let some brief extracts bear witness. "Buddhist temples, with their bamboo groves, the red walls surrounding their compounds, and fantastic tiled roofs, are extremely picturesque. In some of these temples there are special days upon which women attend in large numbers to pray for the gift of sons to Kuanyin, the goddess of mercy, and Dr. Martin mentions one in which he noticed crowds of women praying that they might be born again as *men*. Poor things, no wonder! Chinese Buddhists hold that a woman can only be born again as a man after living a life of superlative goodness during seven incarnations, and even then she will only be a beggar-man in the eighth."



IF YOU DON'T GET INTO THE CELLAR, REMEMBER THIS! HOW TO FIND THE HEIGHT AT WHICH A ZEPPELIN IS FLYING.

A piece of wood two inches long and a quarter of an inch wide—held so, about two feet from the eyes—will blot out a Zeppelin 7000 feet away!—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Saving Face.

And so to a matter especially affecting women. "A cook who had lived with us for five years announced one day he would leave unless I provided him with a 'makee learn,' or assistant-cook. This I refused, so he made up his accounts and departed. The head boy was told to get a temporary cook, and in about an hour's time announced that he had procured one. When I went into the kitchen to interview the substitute, behold, my old cook! He had saved his face by leaving for an hour; he returned and stayed another five years."



ENGAGED TO AN AMERICAN ACTOR:
MISS MARGERY MAUDE.

Following quickly upon the announcement of her younger sister, Pamela's, engagement, comes the news of that of Miss Margery Maude, the clever and popular young actress, to Mr. Thomas Achells, son of a prominent New York merchant, and well known on the American stage as Mr. Paul Gordon. Miss Margery Maude made her first appearance with her father as Hesta, in "The Toy-Makers of Nuremberg," in 1910. Both Miss Maude and her future husband have been appearing in "Paganini."—[Photograph by Bassano.]

lated the proprietor, which is unusually informative as to the China that was and the China that is, and exceptionally amusing—an unusual combination.

"An Irishwoman in China." By Mrs. de Burgh Daly. Fully Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie; 10s. 6d. net.)

Foot-Binding. Again, woman. "The origin of foot-binding is obscure. Some Chinese authorities say it dates from between A.D. 300 and 500; others that twelve centuries ago a noble lady so fascinated the Emperor Ming-Huang by her tiny feet, which were compressed into the shape of a half-moon, that she advised others to imitate her. The custom spread and became so extraordinarily popular that even the great Emperor Kang-hsi could not abolish it. . . . Even appeals to Confucius, who maintains that 'filial piety requires you to preserve your bodily members entire,' were of no avail. In Mission schools where foot-binding is forbidden, girls were so ashamed of large feet that they would make their shoes much too small, and even sleep in them in order to compress the offending members."

"Pidgin": Then to "pidgin," a business English. Here are two examples. "A bishop is called 'No. 1, top side joss pidgin man,' 'top-side' standing for heaven, 'joss,' dios, 'pidgin,' business." Mr. Holcombe tells a story of two gentlemen who came to call upon the King of Siam when he was staying at Shanghai. They entered the hotel and asked the proprietor, a courteous American, if his Majesty were at home. "Boy," called the proprietor, "one piecee king have got?" "Have got, Sir," replied the boy cheerfully. "His Majesty is at home, Gentlemen," trans-

lated the proprietor.—This by way of introduction to a book which is unusually informative as to the China that was and the China that is, and exceptionally amusing—an unusual combination.

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Are made of the
best Hard Brass
Wire therefore
Cannot Rust and
Do not lose their
Shape



Sold only on cards
bearing the words:-

"see that **hump?**"



I heard a young mother talking to her little son
about his teeth, telling him how important it is that the teeth be kept clean.

"If you want to be a big strong boy," she said, "and then a big strong man, you must have good teeth. And to keep your teeth sound you must remember now, while you are a little boy, to brush them twice every day." The young mother told me that the youngster liked the taste of the Ribbon Dental Cream and that this had helped her in inducing him to form the important daily habit. Of course, she talked with him about it now and then to impress on him the great advantage to his health and comfort that comes with this daily care. "Then twice a year," she added, "I have the dentist look him over."

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Indigestion, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is caused by the fermentation of undigested food in the digestive tract. This fermentation causes flatulence, distension of the stomach, and acidity; and in the process of putrefaction foul gases arise, causing wind, unpleasant tastes in the mouth, and other discomforts. You may relieve these symptoms by the use of palliative drugs and artificial digestives, but to remove their cause you must arrest the fermentation.

Carbon (charcoal) is not a drug; it has no direct action on any organ of the body; it is neither astringent, aperient, tonic, nor sedative—but it arrests the fermentation. Charcoal has a natural affinity for impurities, seizing upon them, rendering them innocuous and carrying them out of the system.

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NAME

ADDRESS



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A New Vicereine. Lady Chelmsford, who, before her marriage, was very popular in Society as the Hon. Frances Charlotte Guest, daughter of the first Baron Wimborne, will, at the end of March, share with her husband, the third Baron Chelmsford, the honour and responsibilities of the Viceroyalty of India. Lady Chelmsford has two sons and four daughters, the elder son, the Hon. Frederic Ivor Thesiger, who is in his twentieth year, being a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. Lord Chelmsford is the son of a great soldier and grandson of a Lord High Chancellor, and he is at present serving in India. Lord Hardinge's health will no longer permit him to retain the high office which he has so ably filled.

What of the Weather? Well, it really doesn't matter a bit if you have a Dexter weather-proof such as is shown in the illustration on a later page. I know people who say they like a wet day, if it only settles to be wet soon enough for them to don their Dexters. The reason is that, although weather-proof, they are also smart, and so their wearers are quite in the movement as regards style and suitability on a wet day, and yet are as personally indifferent to the weather as ducks. These weather-proofs are now super-proofed, and the process is carried right through by the makers. For years the Dexter triple-proofing and feather-weave were deemed the last word in resistance to wet, wind, snow, and sleet. Now a further word is said, and perfection reached. The fabrics are hygienic, and the lines of fashion are followed. The newest models, suitable for all occasions of town or country wear, may be tried on in stores or leading outfitters in all parts, and the prices, from 42s. to 63s., are most moderate.

A Rare Fascination

Is a set of beautiful teeth; no face can be plain when the teeth are white and good — also, they add the indisputable charm of health to their possessor, for far more than we have yet realised does physical well-being depend upon well-cared-for, sound, good teeth. Having said this, let me tell my readers of Dr. Pierre, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, who was the first to use the valuable properties of vegetable essences for the hygiene of the mouth, and whose dental preparations are very effective in keeping teeth firm and sound. Dr. Pierre realised that teeth differed, as constitutions do, and prepared his dentifrices for different teeth — a powder for those whose enamel easily encrusts with strong tartaric deposits, a powder for delicate teeth and weak gums, enamel powder for children and ladies with fine and delicate enamel, Eau Dentifrice, Paté Dentifrice, etc. These preparations have been established over seventy years, and can be had at 203, Regent Street, and 8, Place de l'Opéra, Paris. Once used, they will be in constant requisition.

Smart Feet in War Time. We are all under compulsion in war time, and we are only too



A PRETTY REST-GOWN IN OLD-ROSE COLOUR.

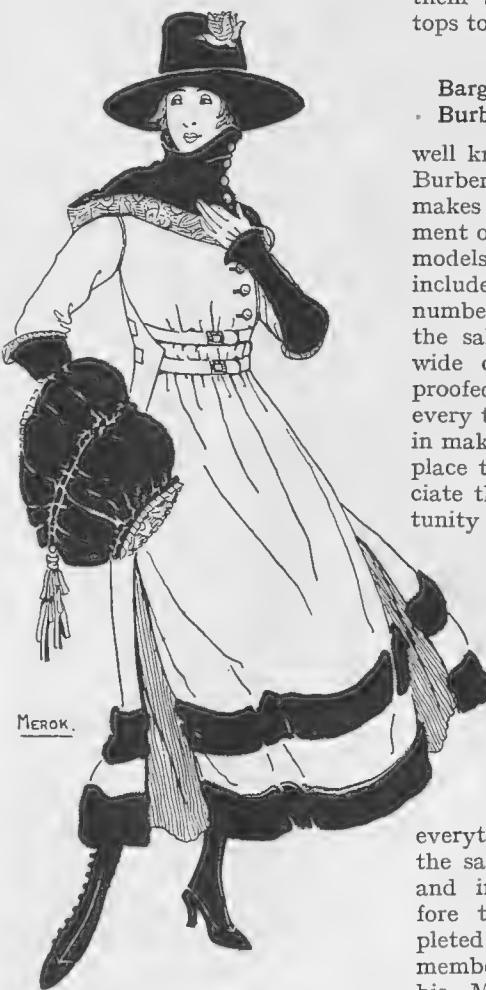
A rest-gown of old-rose-coloured crêpe-de-Chine, with sleeves and tunic of printed chiffon to tone. The tunic is allied to the bodice with a wreath of roses.

glad and thankful to be so. A charming girl who was going to be quietly married to her officer on leave wanted a pair of boots with cloth tops to match her gown, and sallied forth blithely to

buy them. But war intervened; nowhere could she get what she wanted, not even made to order. Manufacturers were, she was told, hard put to it to turn out a fair supply of boots and shoes. Then she bethought her of all the bootmakers gone to fight, of all the leather wanted for belts, saddles, soldiers' boots and leggings; and, being a very sensible British girl, she bought herself a pair of the nicest glacé kid shoes imaginable. They were Lotus, and they fitted like gloves; and she looked at her neat little feet in them and made a present of her imagined cloth tops to the country without even a sigh of regret.

Bargains at Burberry's.

War-time economy dictates seizing advantages such as are offered by a sale at an establishment so well known for what is practical and smart as Burberry's. A sale is in progress there which makes economy a pleasure, because a large assortment of the choicest and most luxurious Burberry models have been marked at half-price. Men are included in the advantages, for an immense number of suits for them for all purposes are in the sale at similar reduction. There is also a wide choice of distinctive cloths, woven and proofed by Burberry's special processes, and in every texture, weight, colouring, and pattern, used in making up garments the reduced prices of which place them within the reach of those who appreciate the best, and gladly embrace such an opportunity to secure it. A few military weather-proofs are included in the sale, together with other articles of Service equipment; these have been used as models during the year's trading. Large portions of Burberry's fine Haymarket premises are used for the sale, and everything is done with the same zeal, despatch, and intelligence as before the staff was depleted by over a hundred members serving with his Majesty's forces. An illustrated catalogue of the sale, including dress for men and ladies, will be forwarded of a postcard to



JUST THE THING FOR AN EARLY SPRING COAT.

Composed of mole-colour charmeuse cloth, with collar, cuffs, and muff of furniture plush, lined with a contrasting brocade.

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A Happy Party. It is a great pleasure to Britons to know that our splendid King and Queen had their family for a little while round them at Sandringham complete for the first time since war began. The closest affection prevails between the members of our royal family, and they are never so merry and bright as when together.



VMS

A NEW AND STRIKING WALKING-COSTUME.

With a coat of dark-green faced cloth, heavily braided at the waist and wrists, is worn a cream cloth skirt; the only link between the two being a plaid silk lining.

There are no fewer than 30,000 concise biographical notices in the new edition for 1916 of "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.). This fact alone speaks volumes — or, at any rate, one volume — for its exceeding usefulness. The familiar alphabetical arrangement of entries, and its convenient size, make it a very handy book to consult; while the "Landed" element in the title ropes in a large number of important people, other than those of rank, title, or office, not always to be found in similar works of reference.

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Yours gratefully,—

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The best Preserver of the Hair; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

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is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. 2/9.

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Allays all irritability of the skin, removes redness, roughness, &c., cures and heals all cutaneous eruptions, imparts a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands, and arms, unattainable by any other means. Sizes, 2/3 and 4/6.

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Silver, £3 3s.
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Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Silver SCREW Case, Dust and Damp Proof.
WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.
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MAJOR RICHARDSON'S
SENTRY DOGS (Airedales),

as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.

POLICE DOGS (Airedales),

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5 gns.; pups, 5 gns.

BLOODHOUNDS from 20 gns.;

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ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX,

IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups,

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GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423.

2 gns.

A NAPIER EXPLOIT THAT HAS "NAE PEER": LIEUTENANT FORREST'S "GLORIOUS," SUCCESSFUL DARING.

The Conquest of Mount Glorious.

When all the efforts of the British motor-car manufacturer are devoted to the turning-out of War Office vehicles or the production of munitions, and all forms of competition at home have been suspended *sine die*, it is refreshing to hear the news of how an English car has earned laurels for itself on the other side of the world. The story comes to hand in this way—that the remarkable performance in question was achieved by one who is now an officer in the Royal Field Artillery, and he has brought with him a group of photographs which illustrate in unmistakable fashion the striking nature of the feat, which was nothing more nor less than the ascent by car of Mount Glorious, in Australia, over rough soil that had never before felt the imprint of the pneumatic-tyred wheel.

Through Virgin Forests.

Mr. W. T. Forrest, the motorist concerned, states that the mountain received its name by reason of the superb view enjoyed from its summit, which is the highest in the d'Aguilar range, a long stretch some twenty miles from Brisbane. Though there is a plateau of rich land at the top, on which a family of pioneers have settled, there is no road nor even a track up the mountain-side. The height to be attained is 2400 feet from the base, and the slopes are thickly wooded and interspersed with "wash-outs," drifts and ravines. It was felt by the committee of the Queensland Automobile Club, however, to be a thousand pities that such a beauty-spot should not be available to the ever-growing number of Queensland motorists, and Mr.—now Lieutenant—Forrest undertook the journey with a view to proving that it would be possible to construct a road which would enable cars to make the ascent. That he himself would be able to reach the summit under existing conditions was nevertheless regarded as more than doubtful.

A Hazardous Attempt.

With a party of friends and Press representatives, however, he set off for the foot of the mountain in a 20-h.p. Colonial Napier and three other Napier. On arrival he took no fewer than ten passengers on to his Colonial model, the surplus passengers standing on the foot-boards, and began the ascent. Already, it may be said, they had had a foretaste of rough work in the shape of a drop into a "wash-out" occasioned by heavy rains descending from the mountain. This obstacle was six feet deep and over eight feet wide, and in addition to the sudden drop, the car successfully withstood the strain of coming out of the crevice under its own power. The subsequent ascent was difficult in the extreme, and some idea of the arduousness of the undertaking may be gathered from one of our illustrations, which shows the car nearing the summit at a point

where a gradient of about one in three is supplemented by a "track" of the roughest ground. It should be added that slightly to the rear of the car at this spot was a sheer drop of eighty feet, so that if the car had started to run backwards the position of the party might have been hazardous, to say the least. All obstacles notwithstanding,

however, the car reached the summit in triumph, and thereby added one more to the long list of Napier records. Nor must one omit to mention that the Napier made the journey throughout entirely under its own power, without extraneous assistance of any kind.

Terrors of the Descent. But if the ascent was formidable, what of the descent? In the first

place, it was made in the dark—of course, with the aid of powerful head-lights; and even Mr. Forrest, accustomed though he was to the roughest of motoring, and an enthusiast in pioneer trips, admits that he would hardly care to repeat the operation. "A most uncanny element," he relates, "was supplied by the weird shadows reflected by bush fires," and not only himself but the whole party were not sorry to reach the base in safety. The time occupied on the actual ascent and descent was 3½ hours. It necessitated the fording of three rivers, and at one part the car had to be rushed through a bush fire, caused by the friction of trees. At another portion of the journey the car had to cling to the extreme edge of a

ravine of great depth, with the additional difficulty due to the fact that the ground sloped outwards towards the precipice, as is usually the case where a properly engineered road is not carved along a mountain slope. In turning one awkward corner, Mr. Forrest deemed it advisable to fix a rope from a tree on the bend to the back-axle, so as to minimise the danger of the car skidding and slipping outwards.

One does not know to whom or which the greater credit can be accorded for the eminently noteworthy achievement above outlined—the intrepid Mr. Forrest or the Napier car. He himself, however, is the owner of seven Napiers, distributed amongst his various Australian stations, and makes no secret of his opinion that no finer vehicle could be procured for the extremely rough work which a motor-car has of necessity to undertake in the virgin country outside Australian cities. And as one who is wedded to the delights of mountain travel by car above all other forms of



THE PIONEER ASCENT OF MOUNT GLORIOUS:
A COLONIAL NAPIER CAUGHT IN A WASH-OUT.



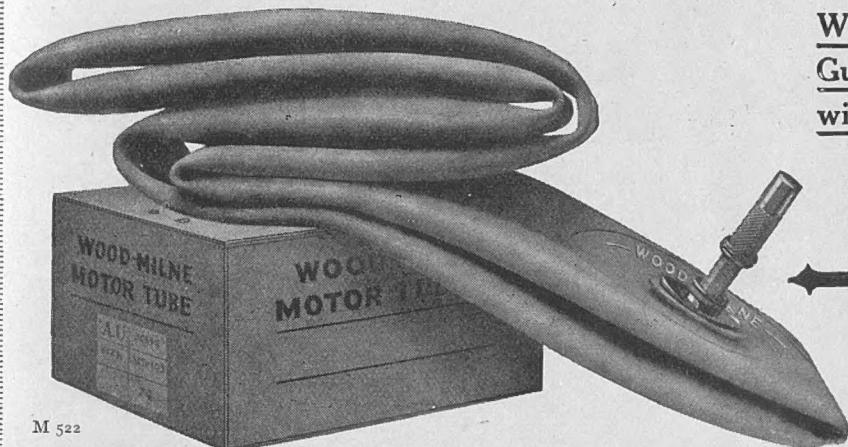
LIEUTENANT W. T. FORREST, R.F.A., TAKING A COLONIAL NAPIER UP A TRACKLESS AUSTRALIAN MOUNTAIN: THE ASCENT OF MOUNT GLORIOUS—THE CAR NEARING THE SUMMIT OVER ROUGH GROUND AT A GRADIENT OF 1 IN 3.

motoring locomotion, I am particularly glad to note the prospect of another of the world's beauty-spots being eventually made accessible by road if Mr. Forrest's efforts are followed by the result which they deserve. As for the Colonial Napier, it has but justified the high opinion which I formed of its capabilities and sound construction when I took part in the famous demonstration-trip over Surrey moors and ditches in the summer of 1914.

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Wood-Milne Motor Tubes will in future be manufactured in a special quality of Grey Rubber. The absence of colouring drugs renders it possible to make from the Grey-mixing a better and more durable quality Tube than the Red.

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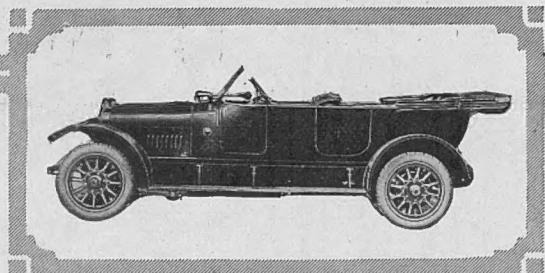


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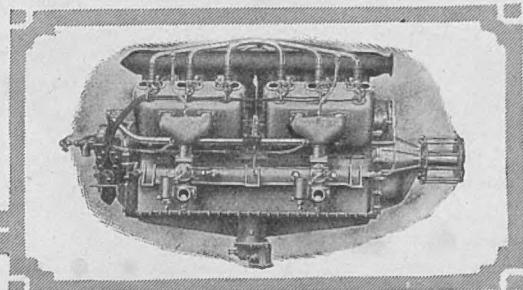


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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE PARISH PUMP" forms the chief element of the second programme of the Horniman Season at the Duke of York's and is quite good fun, but by no means brilliant. It is fairly modern in subject, distinctly old-fashioned in treatment, yet lacking the neatness of workmanship to which we used to be accustomed. One can laugh a good deal at Jeremiah Chebs, self-made man of wealth, who grows swollen-headed when elected Mayor of Silverditch; still, he has incredible ignorances—there are some farcical crudities a little exasperating. Moreover, the play hangs fire at times; indeed, one might almost compare the piece with musical comedy, for it starts with a plot, basis for a capital first act, then drops it and becomes a sort of variety entertainment with municipal humours, during which the story does not move one iota, and picks it up and rounds it off conventionally during the last few minutes. A pity, for the author, Mr. F. G. Layton, has a sense of the stage and can fashion good acting parts, whilst his dialogue is often entertaining. Consequently, although the critics were disappointed, they found some amusement in the play, and the rest seemed to enjoy it throughout. Much praise is due to the Horniman Company for its acting. Mr. Charles Groves—son, I suppose, of the able actor who made so great a hit in "A Pair of Spectacles"—gives a very clever performance in the part of Jeremiah, and is most agreeably untheatrical; he has, however, sometimes a trick of mumbling, and when he mumbled with a pipe in his mouth it was almost impossible to understand what he said: here is a fault easily amended. Mrs. Tapping is entertaining with some subtlety as his wife—regrettable that they gave her such a burlesque costume for the last act. The Mayor's daughter was presented by Miss



A DEXTER WEATHERPROOF.

(See 'The Woman About Town.')

Muriel Pope, who offered one of her hard, curiously charming, modern English girls, but failed to indicate the note of commonness which there must have been in Miss Chebs. The three assorted Town Councillors—the merry, irresponsible Labour member, the sanctimonious, dishonest Moderate, and the jovial, conscienceless Opportunist—were played divertingly by Messrs. Gordon Ash, Herbert Lomas, and Ernest Haines. There was an ingenious piece of acting by Mr. Reginald Fry as the sporting son of the Mayor.

The accounts of Carreras, Ltd., after writing off all advertising for the year, show an available balance of £82,103 16s. 7d. The Directors recommend a dividend at the rate of 13 per cent. per annum for the half-year, making 10 per cent. for the year ended Oct. 31, 1915. They also place to reserve £25,000, making the amount now standing to reserve £75,000, and carry forward £29,201 4s. 7d.

The bicentenary of the founding of the great City firm of Allen and Hanbury's (in 1715), whose business in Plough Court, Lombard Street, has branches all over the world, was made the opportunity for presenting his portrait (painted by Mr. Percy Bigland) to the Vice-Chairman, Mr. Frederick Janson Hanbury, and a case of plate to Mr. Hanbury's co-director, Mr. W. Ralph Dodd, with illuminated addresses. Only his advanced age, eighty-eight, prevented the Chairman, Mr. Cornelius Hanbury, from being present. Mr. Frederick Hanbury, in acknowledging the presentation, said that his memories of the firm extended over forty years, and included the pulling down of the original offices, built as a dwelling-house after the Great Fire, in a room of which Alexander Pope was born.

Mr. Dodd, in his acknowledgment, mentioned that over two hundred employés of the firm were serving the country in the war.

DALY'S The George Edwardes Production
EVENINGS at 8. MATINEES WEDS., THURS., and SATS. at 2.
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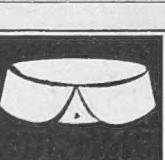
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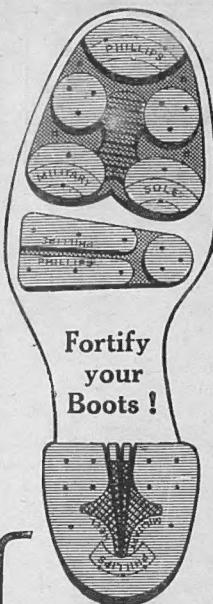
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